Seauen Satyres

Applyed to the weeke,

including the worlds

ridiculous follyes.

True fælicity deſcribed in the Phœnix.

Maulgre.

Whereunto is annexed the wandring Satyre.

By *W. Rankins*, Gent.

Imprinted at London by *Edw. Allde*
for *William Ferbrand*: and are to be ſould
at his ſhop in Lo:hbury, at the
hither end of Colman
ſtreete. 1598.

To his noble minded friend

Iohn Salisbury of LLexenni,

Esquire of the body to the *Queenes most excellent Maiesty.*

WHo bites his lip, when his folly is bitten, hath either enuy in his heart, or suspition in his head: whome I esteeme as the Indians, doe their hedge-bred Serpents, tread on their backs, and pull out their stings. But of your Worthyselfe, (whose censure vertue will singularly sentence) I craue an eye cast to these rough cast Satyres, which are not absurded (though somewhat rustically mustred) Whose neuer forgotten fauours I fling vp, not downe, in challenge of all wilesse vnarmed heedpeeces.

The true affectionate
louer of your vertues.
W. Rank.ns.

Induction.

OF Loue, of Courtſhips and of fancies force,
Some gilded Braggadochio may diſcourſe:
My ſhaggy Satyres doe forſake the woods,
Theyr beds of moſſe, their vnfrequented floodes.
Their Marble cels, their quiet forreſt life,
To view the manner of this humane ſtrife.
Whoſe skin is touch't, and will in gall reuert,
My Satyres vow to gall them at the heart.

SATYR. primus.

Contra Lunatistam.

FRom woods, to wood and mad conceited men,
That with the Moone participate their minde,
I leaue my hollow vaſt deſertfull den,
To tell them the deriſion of their kinde.
What fond affects what ſodaine change I finde:
How *Proteus*-like, they chãge their peeuiſh ſhape,
Yet dare for honors conſtant guerdon gape.

And are they ſtable in their luſtfull worke,
And ſtill in complet fulnes of deſire:
And as the Tortoys in the mud doth lurke,
And will not to the labouring ſtreames retyre,

Nor to the bankes of wholsome hearbes aspyre;
Yet if she see the glimmering of the Sunne,
Contents a while her ougly cell to shun.

So these selfe soothing sots that hide their heads
In idiotisme and ignoraunces shame,
Their thicke skal'd sins in brightest glory spred,
To get the prize when others win the game,
They haue no firmer vertue than a name:
But who so thinkes the signe the substance is,
Erres, and his wit doth wander much amisse.

And as the weather so their worth doth turne,
Sometime fred, sometime an ashye pale,
Anon like yce, anon like lightenings burne,
Foorthwith foreshewing stormes to euery sale,
Next night, foresiguring a merry gale,
Disposed like the Moone, their mothers glory.
The vainest Planet, and most transitory.

And

SATYR. 1. *contra Lunaticam.*

And as the serpent shewes her speckled breast,
When as the eye of heauen is in his height,
Aduauncing vp her greene inuenom'd crest:
Increasing mallice by the middy light,
And hydes her foule shape in a frosty night.
Soe doe these fickle peasants prate and lye,
Till aduerse darkenes vales prosperity.

I seperate the Droane from honny Bees,
I carpe not at the fewer vertuous sort,
I shake the Oke, as well as lower trees:
If Caterpillers taynte it with resort,
I am a Satyre sauage is my sport.
So ending heere my immelodious song,
I bid him mend that thinkes he hath be wrong.

SATYR.

SATYR. ſecundus.

Contra Martialiſtam.

FRom the proude counſell of contrarious winds,
That keep their ſurly Court on mountaine tops,
I roughly come: deceptions to vnbinde,
And ſcatter in your eyes the vpſtart crops
That true borne valor from the Cædar lops:
To tell how *Mars* with his ſtout crew is wrong'd,
By apiſh toyes and what to doults belong'd.

He that can weare a feather all a flaunt,
Speake in the teeth, and make a veriuyce face,
And with a pride his ſtubble beard but vaunt,
As if in him abounded all good grace,

Or

SATYR. 2. contra Martialistam.

Or were descended from *Ioues* Princely race:
That hath but set his foote on *Callis* sand,
And sweare he fought with *Mounsier* hand to hand.

I, and perchaunce in Court hath crackt a kixe,
And thinkes he hath *Bellona* at commaund,
And in his bosome beares his amorous trickes,
As if loues passion brought him into band,
When loe in Misars plight the wretch doth stand:
Loath'd of the wise, not loued of his owne,
Yea fooles doe see the foole himselfe in moane.

Auerres his courage conquerd Cannas field,
And that his arme can wield great *Neptunes* mace
Sweares he will make the haughty foe to yeeld,
And couch like vassailes when they view his face,
What would this Asse doe in a Lyons case?
So looking big cryes out vpon S. *George*,
To tippling goes and fils his eagre gorge.

What

SATYR. 2. *contra Martialistam.*

What is he like but to a ſucking childe,
Who imimitates to ſpeake by elder talke?
But of plaine wordes the youngling is beguilde
Becauſe he ſpeakes before his feete can walke,
Yet in *Alcides* buskins will he ſtalke.
Then firſt get teeth, ſpeake plain, & learne the word
And time (perhaps) will teach thee draw a ſwoord.

And though my browes are Satyre-like betwiſt,
With wormwood garland, not with laurel crowne,
Yet doe I not true Martialliſts reſiſt:
Nor can I ſcandalize their high renowne,
That Bulwarke is too ſtrong to batter downe.
But to theſe ſtragling humor-pleaſed mates,
I ſpeake, and know that truth the lyar hates.

SATYR.

SATYR. tertius.

Contra Mercurialistam.

LIght footed *Fauni* for a while farewell,
Nimble companions in our Siluane court,
I go where subtiltie and craft do dwell,
Where wise supposed Orators resort,
Where wizards of sweete Art do make a sport.
Where golden *Midas* holds it for his creede,
Apolloes Lute sounds worse than oaten reede.

Behold a Bruite that scarce can hold his pen,
Yet thinks he hath *Caduc us* in his hand,
And that his stile will charme the wisest men,
His shipwrack senses will not driue to land,

His

SATYR. 3. *contra Mercurialistam.*

His ballet-fraughted ſhip is in a ſand:
And welladay will hardly ſerue the turne.
Since he is drownd, his Epitaph may burne.

Another *Arteleſſe* mome bewitcht with praiſe,
Thruſts forth a patched Pamphlet into print,
When fooles on it, as on a pide coat gaze,
His copper words come out of coxcoombs mint:
Fluent from Arte, as water from a flint.
Foure bookes he makes foure elbowes to preſent,
By his induction is his baywble meant.

O wretched iudgers of pure golden Arte,
Why do you bribe your wits with leaden lines?
Vnlawfull cenſure takes a lawleſſe part,
Whilſt fondnes deeper wiſedome vndermines:
By this meanes, learnings ſacred skill declines.
And yee your ſelues allowing wrong for right,
Argue your power to be of leſſer might.

Theſe

SATYR. 3. *contra Mercurialistam.*

These counterfaites are like an *Ebon* tree,
Whose body beareth neither leafe nor fruite,
Nor any sap but cole-black wood to see,
What glory then to that can men impute?
Except all vertuous plants they will refute:
So are these stocks but images of wood,
And barr'd from Art to make their breeding good.

But vnto *Hermes* lawfull sonnes in wit,
That scorne the fel'owship of seemers so,
I wish them that due honor shall befit,
That they like sweete *Ambrosian* trees may grow,
Where Science with her compeeres sits arow,
But for the race of dolts and all their traine,
I wish them that they haue, headhiding shame.

SATYR.

SATYR. quartus.

Contra Ionialistam.

WHere the high minded forrest king commands,
And half horst *Centaurs* kemb his dusky locks,
And haue their progres through his spatious lands,
Where Vnicornes attend their Lord in flocks,
Whetting their hornes vpon the corall rocks.
And when he thirsts do purge the riuers brinke,
(For so ought euery mighty Prince to drinke.)

Of thence am I: yet enemy to pride
And publique plaguer of the insolent,
I cannot that iniurious ill abide.
When mighty men must haue their wisdome lent,

And

SATYR. 4. *contra Iudaistam.*

And being Landlords buy their wit for rent.
In fine, the fyne he payes well come to light,
And all be forfait to the foole by right.

Let him that cannot guide *Apolloes* seate,
Content him with a couch vpon the ground,
Better be silent, though thy place be great,
Than speaking with anothers toong be found:
And so betrayd recite a mortall wound,
Which neither peere nor popular redresse,
Can cure with all the good thou doest possesse.

The Senators of *Rome* would shame to set
And speake but *Placet* like a borrowed word,
Wherein their censures daunced in a net,
Such sacriledge by *Romanes* was abhord,
His skull is curst that can no more afford:
But to confirme all doctrine to be good,
Making both one of *Paul* and *Robinhood*.

SATYR. 4. *contra Iouialiſtam.*

Behold the climbing offspring of the Sunne,
Vnable thoſe fyre-foming ſteedes to guide,
Suffers the Axeltree of heauen to burne,
And to the wrathfull ſea doth headlong ſlide,
Curſt by the Signes for his deteſted pride.
Thus when we thinke our ſelues begirt with bliſſe,
We practiſe our owne downefall with a kiſſe.

But yet there are that trace the milke-white way,
And follow *Ioue* to his iudiciall ſeate,
Whoſe ſoueraigne wiſdome iudgement will obey,
From whom doth ſpring ſuch comfortable heat,
That with deep knowledge makes ꝧ mind repleat.
But for thoſe ſort, that want of wit doth ſterue,
Their cap, and common curtſie will not ſterue.

SATYR

SATYR. quintus.

Contra Venerem.

FRom the sweet field where *Phillis* hangd hir self,
And Martyr *Dido* dide in sacrifice,
My flesh bepincht with Lar and Fary elfe,
Where *Venus* and hir darling tyrannize
And leane-fac'te louers (more Idolatrize)
Where *Lais* ghost in *Lacus dulcis* lies,
Kept downe with falfe harts that she cannot rise.

I ſtole away: leaſt the prowd *Paphean* queene,
Although my ſhape be baſe and ougly ill,
Might ſend her ſonne to haue hir greatnes ſeeme,
And force inſatiat loue againſt my will:

SATYR. 5. contra Venerẽum.

For her edicts giue life to them that kill,
And her sharp lawes are quite exempt from reason,
Full of impiety, periury, and treason.

For instance see a seruant wan and pale,
Slaue to his misters beck, her frowne, her smile,
An oath commander when his toong doth faile:
Whose meacocks heart in agonies doth boile,
And in a world of follies keepes a coile.
And like a Spanniell wayting for a bone,
Feedeth his greedy eye with hope alone.

And in that glasse examine but his lines,
How they are peest with *Ouids* excrements,
How he perfumes with roses his rude rimes,
With pearles and rubyes makes her monuments,
Comparing heauen to her habillaments.
When she is worser than a broken glasse,
Which neuer will for any purpose passe.

His

SATYR. 5. contra Venerẽum.

His lips with thouſand kiſſes courts her hand,
And ſonnets forth her beawty to the skyes,
Where if her comelines be rightly ſcand,
Shees neither vertuous, beawtifull, nor wiſe,
And all her grace is but to ſeeme preciſe.
Yet doth this woodcock weare himſelfe away,
By doating on this foule ignoble pray.

I honor *Cynthia*, and her nimphlike traine,
That in ſweete *Tempe* feaſt with chaſtity,
Whoſe ſoueraigne beawty coynes doth diſclaime,
Knowing prowde eyes ſhew ſma'leſt honeſty,
And coulor hath but coulors property.
But for the foole that ſighes for all he ſees,
For his reward I wiſh him *Vulcanes* fees.

SATYR. sextus.

Contra Saturnistam.

FArewell awhile chill and vnhallowed caues,
Where *Saturne* with deuouring mischiefe frets,
Where Melancholly chases, and madnes raues,
Where paine dead torments torments death begets,
Where discontent in ragged habit sits, (sings,
Where the harsh tunde vnwelcome Screech-owle
And buzzing Hornets flye with cobweb wings.

For for a while I must associate them,
That reaching Pollæticians will be nam'd,
And what is done in countryes far do ken,
Vrging that nature all the world hath fram'd,

Affirming

SATYR. 6. *contra Saturnistam.*

Affirming God in things is needlesse nam'd:
But that the influence of the heauen effects
Our good or bad still grac'te by all respects.

That take a pride in damned *Machiauile*,
And study his disciples to be thought:
Allowing all deedes be they neu'r so vile.
Such as haue hell-borne *Atheisme* taught,
Accounting scripture customes that are naught.
Such as are earnest Turks, where is a Turke,
And call the *Alcharon* a godly worke.

Such as are minded with *Pythagoras*,
And hold the transmigration to be true,
That after death mens soules to bruite beasts passe,
And then againe transforme their shape anew,
That lookt for resurrection is not due.
So liuing in licentious liberty,
Commit foule treasons, rape, and villany.

SATYR. 6. *contra Saturnistam.*

But oh deere knowledge do not so permit,
Thy reuerent vertues to be leard and maym'd:
Infuse thy comfort to some sacred wit,
Else will thy holy offerings be disdaind,
And all thy sportesse excellence be staind.
These Tyrants will disroabe thee of thy right,
And cloth thee with torne garments of despight.

And thou religion draw thy steele bright sword,
And lop this curled *Hydra* limbe by limbe,
Legions of Angels will attend thy word,
In cristall armor proose from death and sinne:
When thou with triumph shalt the battaile winne.
And these sold slaues throgh Sathãs gate shal passe
And hue in boyling leade and burning glasse.

SATYR.

SATYR. septimus.

Contra Solliſtam.

THere where the ſottiſh ignoraunt adore,
The vaine tranſparant, ſplendor of the Sun,
Accounting no felicity before,
The riſing of his glory be begun,
Yet darke drownde vices will not ſeeke to ſhun:
I was: but now the ſhade of men I tooke,
Thoſe that the ſubſtance of their ſoule forſooke.

Craſus ſaid wealth was chiefe felicity,
Onely authority deſeru'd a throne,
That war for kingdomes was tranquility,
And to be honor'd was true heauen alone,

But

SATYR. 7. *contra Solliſtam.*

But when by thraldome all this pompe was gone:
Solon (quoth he) my ſoule muſt needes confeſſe,
In dying well is onely happines.

The ſun ſhines when the Scepter's in the hand,
The ſunſhines where the go'den Fleece doth reſt,
Where Ladyes wanton with a carpet band,
(Though it be ſhut) within the Miſers cheſt,
And where fat Epicures delight to feaſt:
O golden glory, ſhall this euer vaniſh, (quiſh.
Where ſuch a God with ſwaying power doth van-

Behold, the morning cheeres the ſpringing flower,
The heate of heauen glads the twining vine,
The glaſſe full brimmed with the ſandy hower,
Theſe are more glorious than that pride of thine,
Yet ſee how ſodainely they ſhall decline:
When like the flower, thy beawty, vine, thy wit,
Thy glaſſe-duſt run, and thou in duſt ſhalt ſit.

How

SATYR. 7. contra Solliſtam.

How like a King the Marygould doth ſpred,
The golden circuit of her impald brow,
A whiffing winde that coronet hath ſhed,
And made her prowde vnknobbed ſtalke to bow,
No longer will the plants her pompe alow.
So haue I ſeene ere now a goulden Crowne,
In a darke vault his pretious head lay downe.

Let him then thinke, that happines will thinke,
It lyes not in the gloſſe of humaine eyes,
How ſodainely that vading ioy would ſhrinke,
When euery minute, liuing pleaſure dyes,
Like the bright clowded miſtnes of the skyes.
If wild-bred Satyres ſo their leſſon can,
Tis better be a Satyre than a man.

Spes

Spes imperfecta.

THou Treasurer of heauen where hast thou clos'd
This hidden wealth of mens true happines?
In nothing humane fancy hath compos'd,
Yet on the earth once dwelt this blessednes,
To bring the earth from cursed wretchednes:
Open that secret coffer we may see,
(If not possesse) that heauenly treasury.

Sola

SOLA fælicitas.

Chriſtus mihi Phœnix.

IN the balme ſweet imparadized wombe,
Of a choyce Virgin ſanctified by grace,
Where ſecond *Adam* had his fleſhly home,
Since the firſt man his glory did deface,
And curſe of heauen poſſeſt his ſinfull race:
My Phœnix was with ſacred *Manna* bred,
And by the holy Ghoſt with Angels fed.

Kings of the earth his ſpicery did make,
Of Franckinſence, pure gold and pleaſing Mirrh,
A glorious ſtar appeared for his ſake,
And the melodious cherubins did ſtir,

Christus mihi Phœnix.

And all cælestiall bodyes doth inserre
Chiefe prayse to him: for by his blessed birth,
Heauen was well pleas'd, & fruitfull was the earth.

My Phœnix, like that swift returning Doue,
That in his mouth the branch of Olive brought,
The badge of peace, the ensigne of true loue:
When this base world by sin was suncke to naught,
And the earths bosome, was with water fraught:
That like the Pellican, pickt from his brest,
The bloud that brought his yong ones peaceful rest.

That like the rocke, whence liquid cristall flowed,
Opened his side to giue the thirstie drinke,
Like the calme winde, that on the red sea blowed,
When thankles Israel (weakely) thought to sinke,
Like the best good the soule of man can thinke,
Oh chiefest best, be best, to vs the worst,
Blest be we (by thee best) the most accurst.

Oh

Chriſtus mihi Phœnix.

Oh clock me vnderneath thy ſpreading wing,
Safe ſanctuary for a ſinfull ſoule,
Where if I ſigh, ſky-tuned voyces ſing,
For thou once pleas'd, nor earth nor ayre wil ſcoule,
Thy feathers ſhaking ſtormy winds controule.
The muſick of thy note inchaunts huge hell,
Oh let me then within thy ſhadow dwell.

Behold me like a winter-wythered tree,
Or like a Beacon on a barren hill,
Conſum'd by ſin anothers watch to bee,
Killing to teach another not to kill:
Spoyling my ſelfe leaſt other wretches ſpill:
Oh ſacred bird, a lower pitch vouchſafe,
Touch but my top, and then I ſhall be ſafe.

Behold, to ſaue me from æternall thrall,
My Phœnix takes his flight vnto a croſſe,
Not as the faynd *Arabian* bird did fall,
Worne out by age, by fire conſum'd to droſſe,

So

Chriſtus mihi Phœnix.

So looſeth that which nature makes a loſſe:
And of his aſhes doth another mount,
Exceeding all faire Foule of rare account.

No no my Phœnix is but yong in yeeres,
Immortall too, yet doth he dye for me,
He on the croſſe vnto the world appeares,
Offering himſelfe on that vnhallowed tree,
To bring my ſoule to ſweet felicity:
But ſee hearts-ioy my Phœnix liues againe,
Paſſing hell torment with vnſpoken paine.

And now he doth aſcend his high-built neſt,
A place, vnthought, vnknowne, vnſeene, vnſaid;
Where with omnipotence he ſhall be bleſt,
And I behold this ſacred Bird obay'd,
And I by him there by his merits ſtayd:
And like a Doue ſit by him moſt content,
Whoſe innocence makes me ſo innocent.

SATYR.

Satyrus peregrinans.

A Bote, a Bote or I ſhall ſet my feete.
Vpon the incke-black bubbles of this ſtreame
And with my rough armes theſe mudde-billows
Foule ferry monſter waft me to that realme, (greet,
Where men in ſleepe do wake, & waking dreame:
Where the feet ſtāds, where ruling heads ſhold be;
And elbowes take the office of the knee.

A ſhoare, a ſhoare I long to ſee the ſoyle,
(Oh the worlds pleaſure of this new-found earth,)
They ſay it will a well ſtaid ſence beguile,
Bring liberall plenty to a niggard dearth,
Make a ſad doomes day of an infants birth:
Now I am heere Ile try concluſions,
Direct degrees, or indirect confuſions.

All hayle greene bearded trees, green headed men,
A high way to a harbour I haue ſpyde,

Sir where I am, I very faine would ken,
I aske one on a raw boan'd iade doth ride,
And gently treate him deigne to be my guide:
The iolly ryder coyly lookes a ſide,
And checks his proude eye leaſt to me it glide.

A hauke my yongſter had vpon his fiſt,
And by his ſide a fiue groate canuaſſe bag.
An olde cut ſuite, with Couentry blew twiſt,
The collor fae't with oreng-tawny ſhag,
His ſpurs hung in the belly of his nag:
Vpon his head a Monmouth cap he wore,
With a greene parrats feather broucht before.

He ſcarce would ſpeake, (for that he ſaid he ſeru'd)
Lollius a gentleman made ploughmans ſonne,
Who rightly from his birth-right neuer ſwaru'd,
And now in his affaires his horſe muſt run,
For that to wooe, his maſter had begun;
I checkt his bit, and would not let him paſſe,
Till he confeſt his maſter was an Aſſe.

And

And briefly bred him to this ſhort diſcourſe,
I ſerue (quoth he) a braue imbroadred foole,
Heyre to a ſun-ſhine ſwayne, yet will perforce,
Borrow a tytle from a learned ſchoole,
(Indeed his grandſire rid vpon a mule)
Yet if you will but let me goe my frend,
Ile tell you all his life, but geſſe his end.

He is in loue with euery painted face,
Saluting common truls with rybauld lines,
In ſongs and ſonnets taking ſuch a grace,
As if he delu'd for gold in Indian mines,
(But ſee how fortune ſuch great wit repines)
In this ſweet traffique, his bargaines are ſo ill,
That he is made a iade by euery Iill.

Heele enter in an *ergo* with the proudeſt,
And pot a verſe with any grammer ſcholler,
Speake ten at once, his tongue will be the lowdeſt,

Take him but downe (O vnexpected dollor)
His preſent paſſion brings him to a chollor:
With wagers, and with oath at laſt tis tride,
And then his argument is not denyde.

Take him within the ſtreete, he is a Lord,
And in a Tauerne better than a king,
With thouſand brags heele beawtifie the boord,
But in his purſe the beggars bell doth ring,
Yet once a yeere (as Cookoes vſe to ſing:)
He hath a little ſtipendary gold,
Which ſum, is ſpent before it can be told.

And once Ile tell you how this gallant ſped,
He was inamour'd of a players boy,
And certaine ſharkers that vpon him fed,
Did ſoone inſtruct the ſtage boy to be coy,
That but with him, he had no other ioy:
In womans queint attyre they dreſt the lad,
That almoſt made the foole my maiſter mad.

They

They ſoone perſwaded him ſhe was an heyre,
And onely daughter to a knight well knowne,
He ſaw her young, rich, amorous and faire,
Haue her he muſt, or dye he would with moane,
In ſleepy nights his very ſoule did groane:
Then had not I been ſtickler in this ſtriſe,
The beaſt had had a male-kinde to his wife.

Heere did I cut this groſſe deuice a ſunder,
Weary to heare a baſe abſurded tale,
I tooke this foppiſh babling for a wonder,
I kickt his palfrey and began to rayle,
The fellow lookt vpon me very pale:
And ſpurring of his horſe, bad me adew,
And ſwore (by God) what he had ſayd was true.

Anon a Muſe had brought me vnawares
Before a goodly ſtrong built city gate,
I wholy thirſted after thoſe affaires,
And in I entred to behold the ſtate,

All coſtly thinges were bartred at a rate,
Amazd at that I neuer ſaw before,
I heard one ſweare an oath, it coſt me more.

I ſtart and ſaw that fellow ſwore the oath,
Sell that for leſſe, than he did ſweare it coſt,
Thought I, here conſcience liues her fulleſt growth
Where buyers win by that the ſeller loſt,
But yet I durſt not be too bould to boaſt:
For ſtraight I ſaw *Symonus* in his ſhop,
A hollow ring of gold with lead droſſe ſtop.

And yet he quickly ſolde it by the weight:
(Lead was a better friend to him then gold,)
I tooke it for a very pretty ſleight,
But when the buyer had his money told,
Away he went: and then I might behold,
Simonius rub his arme, and laugh out right,
That hee had done his neighbor wrong for right.

Anon *Lapiſtus* with his faithleſſe fiſt,
Inſceptred with a ſubtill peece of wood,

Was

Was measuring foorth such trifles as he list,
Hard at his arme his wife my mistres stood,
Commending that, her husband, sold for good:
Looking the buier wistly in the face,
Whilst Lapist nickt the measure in the space.

Forthwith great *Gurmond* (to his codpeece chain'd
A payre of groate gloues wrapped in his hand,
On top of which a nosegay long remaind,
Was trudging to lend money vpon land,
Vpon a statute marchant he doth stand:
But gentle sir, take heed you keep your day,
Or els your mortgage shall the forfect pay.

By this time long-gownd *Lumen* walkt abroad,
Vnder his girdle greene-waxt labels hung,
Although his pace was slow, gold was his goad,
And as the Petifogger went, he sung,
His greas'd belt and the waxe together clung:
He sware a mighty oath his writs were spoyld,
And by that meanes his client should be foyld.

I tract his ſteps, and followed him alloofe,
Weary with thoſe Mecanicke meane deceipts,
At laſt he entred to a ſpatious roofe,
Where great men ſat in high iudiciall ſeates,
And iuglers play at euen and odde with ſeates:
As (now ſir it ſhall goe with you to day,
To morrow tis againſt you, you muſt pay.)

This hall they ſay is builded of ſuch wood,
That cobwebs on the rafters are not ſpun,
By right the nature of theſe trees are good,
Yet there beheld I mighty ſpyders run,
And by their ſucking little flyes vndone:
A thing moſt ſtrange, that poyſoned things muſt dwell,
Where nature ſcarce alloweth them a cell.

There ſtoode *Briarius* with a hundred hands,
And euery one was ready to receiue,
As many ſundry toongs, as ſeas haue ſands:
And when he ſay'd, the truth I do conceiue,

Then

Then meant the hell-hound ſooneſt to deceiue.
There ſaw I twelue good fellowes cald together,
That would for-ſweare their father for a feather.

I ſaw the widdow in a mourning weede,
Wringing her painefull hands to get her right,
Th'oppreſſed ſoule tormented with more neede,
And cruelty with ſcarlet cloth'd in ſpight,
As who ſhould ſay, in bloud is my delight.
Then thought I (ôh there is a Iudge aboue)
Will all this wrong with one true ſentence moue.

Such ſweating for baſe pelfe, I did behold,
Such periuries to get the vpper hand,
The innocent with falſhood bought and ſould,
Such circumſtance before the truth was ſcand,
Such ſcorched cõſcience markt with Sathãs brand,
That ſtraight bereft of my Satyrick wit,
I was poſſeſſed with a frantick fit.

So

So leaning this vaſt rumor of mans voyce,
I made my run vnto a riuer ſide,
Where, ſinke or ſwim, I tooke no better choyce,
With deſperate leape in, headlong did I glide,
And for I would no more repeate this pride,
I did imagine I was in a dreame,
And ſo concluded my vnorder'd theame.

Aſhwedneſday.

Aſhwednesday.

O Holyeſt holy three, yet wholy one,
Vouchſafe the piercing ſplendor of thine eye,
My ſoules true Martyrdome to looke vpon,
Where thou mayſt in-borne penitence eſpy,
Without the cloke of falſe hypocriſy:
And though my tong proclaimes not publike faſt,
Yet prayers to prayſe thee is my ſpirits repaſt.

Behold, to cinders haue I burnt my ſinnes,
An acceptable ſacrifice to thee,
Which heauenly ioyes in heauenly manſion wins,
The aſhes on my ſad heart ſcatterd be,
The penſiue patient of all miſery:
In my breſt mourning ſits ſhe like a doue,
And fears through ſin to loſe ſweet Chriſt her loue.

And though I weare no ſhirt of Cammels haire,
A boaſting ſhew the fleſh to macerate,
Nor laſh my body with the whips of care,
Nor on my knocking breſt my prayers debate,
Nor with high voice my faults deliberate:
Although I ſtrew no aſhes on my head,
Nor with beguiling abſtinence am fed.

Yet ſee my heart prickt with true faiths deſire,
With longing to behold thy ſacred face,
Whipt with the feare of thy inraged fire,
Which will the pride of all weake brags deface,
And my ſoule knocks to haue thy promiſt grace:
With lowly voyce the aſhes of my ſinnes,
Scatterd abroad: and ſo my faſt begins.

When I do this, I walke not in the ſtreete,
And tell the world my baſe diſſembling guile,
Nor tread the cold ſtones with vncouered feete,
Such hypocrites their wretched wayes defile:
No let the heart true parts of griefe compile,
That is the ſweete Aſhwenſday I obſerue,
Faſt ſtill to this, and thou ſhalt neuer ſterue.

Lay not my ſinnes O Lord, vnto my charge.

Caſt down thoſe eies dread deere redeeming Lord,
That ſhed ſalt teares for poore *Ieruſalem*,
In pitty of my ſinnes by thee abhorr'd,
And when thou haſt with loue peruſed them,
By which thou often haſt excuſed men,
And ſeeſt how headlong I haue run at large,
Yet Lord, lay not my crimes vnto my charge.

Let that ſweete toong ſayd woman ſinne no more,
Thy healing hand moſt kinde Samaritane,
Pronounce a pardon for my hearts deplore,
And make my black ſinnes whiter than the Swan,
Defilde with miſchieſes ſince my life began.

Oh

Oh lay not thoſe foule treaſons to my charge,
But ſtop them, leaſt they run too much at large.

What glory is it that ſo meane a ſoule?
Earths vaſſaylage, the wormes ſubiected ſlaue,
Whoſe honor duſt downe-trodden doth inroule?
Should quite be damnd, whom thy deere word may (ſaue,
And thou thy ſelf the purchaſt praiſes haue.
Sauiour, I know my ſinnes ſhall haue diſcharge,
Where mercy with thy merits is ſo large.

With bloud more pretious than the worlds rich (wealth,
Remember thou haſt ranſomd me from hell,
Cald me thine owne, thy ſonne, thy ſauing health,
Prouidedſt me a place with thee to dwell,
A place which doth all pallaces excell:
Then let me not in deſerts run at large,
But take me to thy ſafe protecting charge.

Fro foorth thy Temple thou didſt baniſh theeues,

That

That Saints might praiſe thee where thou waſt pro-
And creatures liue ꝙ on thy name beleeues, (phand,
I am thy temple, let it not be ſtaynd,
For there too long hath curſed Sathan raynd.
Caſt forth that tempter, giue the feend diſcharge,
Binde that old Serpent leaſt he flye at large.

And when I finde that enemy is gone,
That ſoothes my ſoule with vile impiety,
Thy name (oh Father) I will call vpon,
And keepe it from bould ſinnes ſociety,
And from falſe pleaſures curſt variety.
Then let thy ſpirit walke with my ſpirit at large,
And Lord lay not my ſinnes vnto my charge.

Who

Who will prayse thee Lord, within the Pit.

WIth reuerent toong, and groaning ſpirit oppreſt,
My bones like rocks beaten with ſeas of teares,
And worne with ſtormy ſighs of my vnreſt,
Behold *Meſsias* my vext ſoule appeares,
Afflicted with a legion of pale feares:
And humbly prayes thee Lord to be appeaſ'd,
That my hearts killing dollor may be eaſd.

How ſhall I do thee honor in the graue?
Or praiſe thee in the darkenes of deſpaire?
No light of gladnes ſhines in ſorrowes caue,
No morning Harp can hymne thy name in care,
Except ſome comfort to the ſence repaire:

Let

Let then one ſparke of fauour but appeare;
And I will ſay my Lord my God is there:

Like withered ſtubble bended to the ground,
The horſe, and yoaked Oxe treade on my breſt,
And ploughmen gaſh my reynes with many a wound
The poiſoned adder makes my fleſh her neſt(
(I Lord, and that oppreſſion is my leaſt:)
Yet none but thou canſt fling me to the graue,
O ſaue me thence and thou ſhalt worſhip haue.

Thy ſeruant *Iob* by ſuffered ſathan tempted,
Knew by thy grace he ſhould be rayſ'd againe,
For, from the pit his body was exempted,
The curſt ſoule-foe, could there no conqueſt gaih,
Thou gau'ſt him ſtrength the conflict to maintain,
I haue no power, no ſtrength, no force of wit,
Then much more Lord preſerue me from the pit.

Like to a vanquiſht bloody battaile won,
Few now are left to beate *Iehouahs* name;

Thoſe which eſcapt from faiths true fight haue run,
Reſerue yet ſome (though they be halt and lame)
For thou canſt cure the ſoule that hath a maime.
Let me (ſweete Chriſt) be one thou meanſt to ſaue,
Then know I, that I, ſhall not touch the graue.

Paſsio Chriſti.

O Father if it be thy will,
let this cup paſſe.

Diuine humane, humane Diuine, (my God)
Behold thy ſonne, corruptleſſe virgins fleſh,
Spirit of the, which with thee hath abod,
Who than thy ſelfe (of thy ſelfe) is no leſſe,
Vouchſafe

Vouchsafe thy heauenly issue so to blesse,
That, if thou wilt (ô wilt thou without wroth)
Let this cup passe I may not taste thereof.

Thy bitter imposition comes of loue,
Therefore thy gracious will, not mine be done,
This bloudy swet a fathers name might mooue,
But (ô great righteousnes,) what is begun,
Saue many a child, by torment of one sonne:
Father eternall better thine heyre dye,
Than all the rest in vtter darkenes lye.

This anguish like a sucking serpent drawes,
My conduit-flowing veines of bloud so fast,
And my sharpe wounding passion will not pause,
But shewes me death to come, not torments past,
And pale aspect of weakenes stands agast:
Soueraigne of Kings supreme of ioyfull rest,
With thy imperiall scepter touch my brest.

But must thy deare begotten smart for all?
Must all the worlds huge sinnes be layd on me?

What ſhall I ſuffer then? what kinde of thral?
What cruell bondage? what ſharpe miſery?
What deaths? what frighting horrors muſt there be
If that one ſinne and but of one man too,
Deſerue hell fire? what ſhall all mens ſinnes doe?

For euery ſinne of euery ſeuerall man,
(Sweet Father) muſt I beare a ſeuerall hell?
Why then my paine is pleaſure yet began,
But in the end where muſt thy choſen dwell?
Where thou wilt Lord I will account all well:
Heauen, hell, death, life, I will endure my croſſe,
Reckoning for one deaths conquering & lifes loſſe.

All plagues, for all, all yoakes, my backe ſhal beare
Which in this brim-full cup of death I put.
And ſo auoide tempting cold ſhiuering feare,
For, I will drinke this draught of gall quite vp,
And my inuaded ſpirit from terror ſhut:
So take the reſolution of thy Sonne,
For, Father not my will, but thine be done.

Explicit Chriſtus.

Reſur-

Resurrectio Christi.

ARchangels, Angels, Martyrs, ho'y Saints,
Oh heauens celestiall family appeare,
Giue all your powers vnnaturall restraints,
Sound Cherubin-like musicke in his eare,
(Whose glorious being baniſht all hell-feare)
The Sonne is ri's, Gods deare elected Sonne,
And now ascends where his first birth begun.

Cloudes clap together with mellodious voice,
And with your softnes cloath his blessed breast,
From his great Father heare a thundering noyse,
That crownes his bright Sonne in eternall rest,

Of all (oh onely all) thou art moſt bleſt:
And earthly men forſake your vaine delight,
Kneele, pray, and praiſe, this vncompared might.

Ionas that in the huge *Leuiathan*,
Three hell-darke nights, & dayes impriſoned was,
Is like a choſen Prophet come againe,
(Oh how thy word drad king is come to paſſe?)
So is this Prophet, which doth all ſurpaſſe:
Roſe from the foggy entrailes of the graue,
Mankinde, vngratefull minded-man to ſaue.

Baptizing *Iohn* that in the wildernes,
Liu'd as an exile in that barren land,
Feeding on *Locuſts* in his ſharp diſtreſſe,
Subiect to monſters, and at deaths command,
Hath conquer'd all this with his faithfull hand
And is returnd: So our Baptizer is,
Who, not with water but with bloud brings bliſſe.

Since

Since whose abode, deuouring hell is frighted,
Quaking for feare when *Iesus Christ* was there,
And quick-eyd death become but dimly sighted,
And since, when he is nam'd they shake for feare,
If but thy name do such amazement beare?
What did the person of so great a king?
Hels victory controule, and kill deaths sting.

Then from the fleshly prison of base sinne,
Rise (oh thou foule infected soule of mine)
Arise, or else death will the battaile winne,
And kill thee with a thousand darted crime,
Come quickly from this filthy graue in time,
Rise thus, and thou shalt euer rise with ioy,
And as thy Saviour did thou shalt destroy.

FINIS.